

CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

Mr. Campbell Writes on the Interesting Phases of It.

IMPRESSIONS OF MGR. SATOLLI.

The American Pope—His Great Speech Before the Congress—How He Appeared—Archbishop Ireland. An Incident in Rome Recalled—A Remarkable Coincidence—A Talk With the Archbishop on the Labor Situation—Something About the Mahomedans.

Special Correspondence of the Intelligencer.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—I referred in my last letter to the Catholic congress that is in session here, one of the endless procession of Congresses that have been held, and that are being held and that will be held clear along up to the close of the fair. The Jewish people had their congress lately, lasting a number of days, and it, too, like this Catholic congress, was preliminary to the greater congress of all the religions of Christendom and Heathendom that is to convene later in this month. I saw two of the turbaned representatives of the faith of Buddha sitting on the platform at the Catholic assemblage in the hall of Columbus yesterday, listening also to such other prelates as Archbishop Ireland, a number of whom made addresses to the congress. These Buddhists and their fellow Orientals, the Mahomedans, who pin their faith to the Crescent instead of the Cross, will have something to say for themselves in the greater congress near at hand. I gave you once, in a letter from Naples, the outline of a conversation I had going down the Mediterranean sea with a Mahomedan judge from India, an educated and English speaking judge, and you were perhaps astonished, as I was, at the dexterity and plausibility with which an educated heathen can defend himself. Of course the Mahomedans do not admit themselves heathen nor yet infidels. There is the true and the larger faith, because it admits the Old Testament and even Christ, and simply holds to the Koran and to Mahomet as a later revelation and a later prophet. They have now a propaganda of their faith established in this country, as they have also in England, and possibly are not without hope that the universal victory over Christianity which they came so near winning by the sword they may yet win by discussion. The historian Gibbons tells us that but for the victory of Charles Martel at the battle of Tours and of John Sobieski at the gates of Vienna, the Koran would this day be taught at Oxford. Up to these two points they had swept everything before them. This reflection is calculated to give us pause when they open their mouths to speak. They are the people who still hold the sepulchre of Christ at Jerusalem, after eight centuries for its capture, and it is by their permission that Christian travelers visit the sacred places of Palestine.

As for the Buddhists, they are the philosophic indifferentists of mankind. Like the ancient and the modern people of Israel, they are not propagandists. They are content to be as they are and let all the rest of the world also be as they choose. They have a learned priesthood; learned in mystic lore; and can speak in the most subtle way about that which is esoteric and that which is exoteric. They claim that their Zend Avesta as a sacred book far outdates the Bible; that all the traditions of the flood and of a mediator born of a Virgin were borrowed from them. The Aryan race arose among them and journeying westward gave these ideas to the Semitic people. This is their contention and, as I said, you will hear from them in regard to it at the coming congress and, as in the case of the Mahomedans, will probably be astonished as to how dextrously they can carry all thrusts at them. The meeting of such people and the measuring of themselves and their solidarity against the sects of Christianity will be, in an intellectual sense, the great event of the fair. The fact that they do not hesitate to come here and thus measure themselves shows the sublime indifference with which they have regarded all the alleged progress of the world in matters of adverse faith. They come now not as aggressors nor as propagandists, but simply as philosophers. This is their position.

THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

But to return to the point whence I set out, viz., the Catholic Congress. It is holding its sessions in the hall of Columbus, in the Memorial Art Palace, on the lake front, down town. I went down on Tuesday last to look in on it. Satolli, the Pope's legate, was speaking as I reached the gallery. I had heard him lecture in Rome, at the Propaganda, where he is highly regarded by the students as a learned theologian. He spoke in Latin at the Propaganda and in Italian here, and, of course, I could not understand him. However, all the same, there were frequent outbursts of applause from the audience as he proceeded, just as college boys applaud their Greek or Latin salutation on commencement day, albeit they may not understand a word of what he is saying. I said to myself as I looked and listened, this is a fine illustration of the fact that it is the unexpected thing that happens. What could have been more unexpected, when I first heard this man, than his becoming the American pope? No one, unless the great Leo himself, knew of it then. Yet that is what he now is. He speaks no longer to the young priests of the Propaganda as an expounder of dogmatic theology, but to nine millions of Catholics in America as the voice of the Vatican. He sat in a great tall iron chair, as remarkable a figure as himself, like one of the papal legates of old who sat in the Diet of Germany and confronted electors and margraves in the name of the Roman see. There he was in his purple robes and his little red cap, with a great gold chain about his neck and breast, the observed of all observers, and there he spoke in a foreign tongue, every word of which was almost breathlessly listened to. There was the man who had come to America, in the name of the successor of St. Peter, and said, "Peace, be still!" to the warring and jarring elements of personal discord in the Church. At his command even the haughty archbishop of New York, who exercised powers *ultra vires*, had gone to Canossa, and was only less humiliated in his great office than the German emperor, who, ages ago, waited bareheaded and barefooted on the pleasures of Hildebrand. It was something to see a man of this sort, and the great hall was filled with devoted Catholics from every part of the United States, who were anxious to see the man who reflected the express image of their Holy Father of the Vatican. It was no ordinary occurrence to them. Hence, although

he spoke in a foreign tongue, and although this was no Pentecostian day, whereat there was a "gift of tongues" by which they might understand him, yet they were so completely at one with him that his rounded and rhythmic and fervently flowing Italian seemed to them a gracious message which they could interpret by the expression of his face. I remember distinctly how rapidly he spoke his Latin at Rome, how he would half close his eyes, and how he made no gestures at all save by the drawing down or raising up of his head. It was much the same way as he stood before his audience here at Columbus hall, his hands crossed and holding up the folds of his purple, and making only a movement of his head. His face is Italian of a marked type, both as respects color and outlook; his eye is dark and quick, his hair dark and abundant; his features large, and his jaw almost massive. He is a man to accept responsibility and exercise power with vigorous discretion. I presume the pope made no mistake when he virtually merged his supreme functions in Satolli. He made him a court of last resort in all things American. You see already how he has sat upon a bishop and an archbishop.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

Archbishop Ireland, more than any one else, is the *fidus Achates* of Satolli in this country. His seat was beside the tall dark iron chair, and he took notes and afterwards reported the legate's message to the congress. And now that I have mentioned the Archbishop of St. Paul I may remark that I have renewed here the pleasant acquaintance I had with him in Rome, where he was a habitué at the American college where I was an occasional visitor. On the day following the address of Satolli here I was at the archbishop's rooms at the Grand Pacific. One of the morning papers had an editorial in regard to the latest news from the French elections that became the subject matter of our conversation, and that led to the revival of an incident that occurred at Rome. The archbishop said to me, "Why don't you publish that incident in your paper?" With his consent, thus expressed, I thought to myself I will do so. It was simply this: At his rooms in the American college in Rome one Sunday evening in February, 1892, we were discussing then as now the French republic, the fact that it had then existed twenty-one years (a longer period than any preceding French government of modern times) and was, as it were, of fullage. I told the archbishop, in a deferential way of course, that I thought his church was making a great mistake in not allying itself with the republic in France instead of catering to and running after the dead and dying dynasties, and thus alienating the masses who loved their republic, and making them feel that they had to choose between the priests and the republic; but they could not hold to both and must discriminate between the one and the other. I said to him that this did not look like the worldly wisdom for which the church was well known, and would in the end, in my humble judgment, lose it its grip on the situation in France, inasmuch as it was now quite apparent that, with the hierarchy or without it, the republic had come to stay.

The archbishop listened to this expression of my opinion with that staidity of manner which is characteristic of him, and was pleased at the close to corroborate it as being in the main his own judgment. Two weeks or so passed away and I am sure that I had never thought of the conversation afterwards, nor I presume, had the archbishop. But, curiously enough, one morning within that limited fortnight or so, out came the celebrated encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. to the French hierarchy, commanding its prelates and priests to experience as soon as possible a change of heart, or, at all events, a change of bearing towards the republic; to quit, in other words, aiding and abetting the Orleansists, the Legitimists and the Napoleonic, and to accept the republic as the rightful dominant authority to which they owed political allegiance.

I need scarcely say that, following as the encyclical did upon the very heels of the conversation referred to, I was no less astonished than gratified to read that remarkable document, and to the few friends to whom I have since related the circumstances I have remarked, by way of a joke, that I did not understand how it could possibly have come about unless the great man of the Vatican had somehow overheard our conversation and took with the idea advanced.

Of course, it was purely and solely a mere case of *post hoc* and far enough from being a case of *propter hoc*. Nevertheless it was the most noteworthy incident of my travels in Europe, and one of the most remarkable coincidences of which I ever had personal knowledge.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

My purpose in calling on Archbishop Ireland at his hotel here was to hear an expression of his views on the labor and other questions of public concern with which he is sympathetically identified. As I remarked in one of my letters from Rome, he is an advanced man, progressive in his instincts, and I was glad yesterday to be able to congratulate him on his triumph over the reactionists of the Corrigan school. Through the mediumship of the legate I think he has taken pretty much all the starch out of the New York prelate. But this I say *ad hoc*.

After disposing of the French elections (which, as you have seen, are wonderfully unanimous for the republic, thanks, in good part, to the encyclical of February, 1892), we went on to talk of the labor troubles here and elsewhere, and I asked the archbishop what was his panacea, if he had any for the present discontent. He replied, "No, I have no panacea; there is no one specific; there must be a reform all along the line. Our immigration laws need to be reformed; we have too much undesirable immigration, and it congests in our cities like Chicago and breeds anarchy. A great deal of our poverty comes from this source as also from improvidence and dissipation. (He is a red-hot temperance man.) All real re-

form must proceed upon reaching the consciences of the masses to a greater extent. This is true also as regards employers and employed. We must wisely agitate for the fullest justice for labor at the hands of capital. At the same time we must have social reform among the poor. We must lift them up by eradicating vices and bad habits and rendering them sober and industrious."

The talk of the archbishop was in a very denigratory way. He was continually answering calls at the door. So thick and fast did these interruptions finally come that he was obliged to give way to them and to say to me that if I would call again after his return from St. Paul he would try to give me his views in a more connected and satisfactory way. For the present he could not deny himself to his callers, who were, many of them, his clergy. They will account to you for this very brief epitome of his views upon certain large and important topics.

SCOTCH COVENANTERS AND THE SABBATH.

Rev. Dr. Cunningham, in his sermon in the First Presbyterian church yesterday morning, said: "Men may write letters to newspapers about the Scotch Covenanters punishing their children for neglecting the Sabbath—which is a lie!" The reference was to a World's Fair letter from Mr. A. W. Campbell, printed in the *Intelligencer* of last Thursday. In that letter Mr. Campbell spoke of "the tyrannous regulations of the Covenanters of Scotland that rebuke the laughter of children on the Sabbath."

BORN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Mrs. Cleveland Gives Birth to a Girl Baby. The President's Joy Lessened by the News That It Was Not a Boy—First Child Ever Born to a President in the Executive Mansion.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 10.—Mrs. Grover Cleveland presented the President a little daughter at the white house yesterday. This is the unadorned statement of an event which will thrill the hearts of all her countrymen, and be flashed under the seas to meet the congratulatory responses of Emperors and Kings. The event was not a complete surprise, as from time to time within the last few months rumors of its prospective occurrence, veiled as such announcements always are, trickled like confidences into the columns of the press.

Dr. Bryant, of New York, the family physician of Mrs. Cleveland, returned with Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland from Gray Gables a few days ago, and this fact gave rise to renewed gossip concerning this important event in the lives of the chief executive and his wife. But the impression that Dr. Bryant was here in attendance upon the President rather served to quiet the rumors that he was remaining at the executive mansion for an emergency.

A DRIVE EVERY AFTERNOON.

Since her return from Gray Gables Mrs. Cleveland has driven out in the white house carriage with the President every afternoon, usually going far into the beautiful hills and glens which surround the national capital. Only Friday she drove out to Woodley, the President's country residence.

The baby was born at exactly high noon, just as the ball on the state, war and navy buildings opposite the white house dropped from the top of the staff. Although there had been an air of expectancy about the white house during the morning, indicated by the fact that the servants stood in groups exchanging whispered confidences and by the noiseless tread with which they glided about the building, there was nothing to signify that anything unusual was to occur in the large room adjoining the cabinet chamber on the second floor, where the president receives his visitors. With courage that has always characterized Mr. Cleveland in times of great trial and anxiety, he did not betray to the public man who called upon him, importunately urging constituents for places or conferring with him about the great fight in the senate, or to his subordinates who brought to him matters for his consideration, the strain under which he was laboring.

MR. CLEVELAND'S FIRST INQUIRIES.

From time to time, during the morning the President was quietly advised as to the condition of affairs in the sick room, and at exactly 12 o'clock Dr. Bryant summoned him from the reception room into the private hallway leading to Mrs. Cleveland's bedchamber. When the President hastily opened the door he realized from the beaming countenance of Dr. Bryant that the crisis had been safely passed. Without a word, but with a suspicious moisture about the eyes, the President and his family physician warmly clasped hands.

"She is safe," inquired the President hurriedly.

The smile on the doctor's face and a reassuring pressure of the hand told that his wife was safe, and without pausing he added:

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

Something like a shadow of disappointment swept across Mr. Cleveland's face as the physician told him that the new-born babe was a girl. While he was talking with Dr. Bryant little Ruth was brought into the hallway by her nurse. Innocently unaware of the event she was lisping laughingly in the ear of her nurse.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT TO RUTH.

When she espied her father with her about of delight she stretched out her arms to him. The President took her lovingly in his embrace, stroked her hair and kissed her tenderly, saying with a note of tremulous endearment in his tone, "Ruth, my dear, you have a little sister."

Relieved of the load of anxiety which had been bearing down so heavily upon him during the morning, the President returned to his desk, and, with something like exultation, began digging away at the stack of documents and papers before him. He could not restrain the joy which he felt, however, and after working a few moments he walked into the office of Private Secretary Thurber, and with a broad smile on his face, told his faithful companion that September 9 would go down into history.

"Why?" asked Mr. Thurber, smilingly, and then Mr. Cleveland confided the secret of his joy to him. They shook hands cordially and Mr. Thurber congratulated the President. At the same time the President advised him not to make the news public until he should receive word from the physician that all possible danger had passed.

REUNION OF SECURITY REMOVED.

Mr. Cleveland went back to his desk, and in a few moments went downstairs into the blue parlor to receive the Japanese prince, who had called to pay his respects. Mr. Cleveland did this as though nothing unusual had happened. About 2 o'clock he summoned Private Secretary Thurber and told him that the news could be given to the press.

The news was bulletined at the telegraph office to the capitol, the departments and the prominent hotels, and was almost the sole theme of conversation during the remainder of the after-

noon. Everywhere disappointment was manifested that the baby was not a boy.

MESSAGE OF CONGRATULATION.

Before 4 o'clock a stream of messenger boys began carrying congratulatory telegrams to the white house, but the President, with his usual reticence about making public matters purely personal to his family and himself, promptly decided that none of these messages should be given to the press. The Marine Band concert, which is given at the grounds in the rear of the white house every Saturday afternoon, was, at the request of Mr. Cleveland, postponed, it being feared, although Mrs. Cleveland is regarded out of danger, that the excitement might injure her. The thousands of people who went to the grounds in the rear of the white house only to find the gates closed, drawn by curiosity, moved around to the lawn in front of the executive mansion and tramped down the grass while they eagerly watched the windows of the room in which were Mrs. Cleveland and her new-born babe.

This is the first time in the history of the republic that the wall of the new born infant of a President of the United States has been heard within the walls of the white house.

Just as President Cleveland was the first Chief Executive to be married in the white house, so, too, is the baby upon whom the whole nation smiles lovingly to-day the first child of a President to be born under its roof. The record of births in the old mansion is shorter than the list of the marriages, and, sad enough, doubling them both would not cover the number of deaths and funerals there. Of the babies who first saw the light of day in the old house, probably two are living, until this happy event added another.

One is Mrs. Mary Emily Donelson-

Wilcox, a daughter of Andrew Donelson, nephew of President Jackson and the private secretary and confidential adviser of "Old Hickory" during his entire official life, and the other is Julia Dent Grant, the first child born to Col. and Mrs. Fred Grant, and now a young lady just past sixteen. Mr. and Mrs. Donelson had two other children born in the White House, which, with a grandchild of President Jefferson and another of President Tyler, complete the list.

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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